CROSSROAD
十字路口

提奥·利菲尼特的后现代主义诗歌选集

THEO
LIEFINIT

［英］提奥·利菲尼特 著 郑世高 译

CROSSROAD
十字路口

提奥·利菲尼特的后现代主义诗歌选集

THEO
LIEFINIT

［英］提奥·利菲尼特 著 郑世高 译

Crossroads
十字路口

Theo Liefinit
提奥·利菲尼特的后现代主义诗歌

郑世高 译

1.

Snow Crystal
Written November 1992

I want to save anything from my dream,
Anything, anything,
The eternal child in me cried.
This spectrum of watercolour sky,
That sliver of recognition from your eyes,
My absolute faith in your white lies,
But why,
All I can do, all I can ever do,
Is just to,
Take away into the awakening,
A crystal of your memory,
In this droplet of tear shimmer in the
Morning light.

雪花
写于 1992 年 11 月

我想从梦中偷走一丝一毫,
一丝, 一毫,
我心中那永恒的孩子呼喊着。
无论是梦里那天空中的水彩般的光谱,
还是你眼中瞬息闪过的那一丝熟悉,
又或许, 我对你的善意谎言的绝对信任。

可惜，
我所能做的，我所能做的，
只是，
把拥有你记忆的那一粒结晶，
用这滴在晨曦里闪闪发光的泪珠，
带进苏醒后的世界里。

2.

Dust
Written November 1992

I named one dust I caught in the wind
After you, in truth and in vain.
I don't remember who said,
And what did he mean,
That we were formed eons ago,
In that celestial storm,
Kissed by a lifetime of rain,
In dread and terror,
Put on a coat of earth and dreams,
Came into being.
So what’s difference between,
The silent you and this seaside grain?

尘埃
写于 1992 年 11 月

以真理与徒劳之名
我把风中捕捉到的一粒尘埃命名为你。

不记得是谁说过，
也不知他到底想表达什么，

他说
“我们是在万古之前

那场天上的风暴中形成的，
被漫长如一生的雨水亲吻，
在不安和惶恐中，
披上了泥土和梦的外套，
诞生了。”

你说，沉默的你和这海边的一粒沙
有什么区别？

3.

Willow
Written November 1992

How do you tell the boy in the boat,
Hair tangled in a crown of willow,
These are your days of gold,
Use every ounce of your soul,
Stay,
Don’t leave,
Don't go,
Don't row,
Into the sunset, into the glow,
Don't grow.
Just don't grow.

柳冠
写于 1992 年 11 月

请告诉我,
如何告诉那头发缠在柳冠里
小船上的男孩:
“这是你的黄金时代,
求你用尽你灵魂的
任何一丝力量,
尽力停下,
不再离开,
不再前行,

不要划向前方，
划向日落，划向光芒，
不要长大。
永远不要长大。

4.

Pebbles
Written December 1992

What would you do,
When you are told:
“This rock you tightly hold,
Is your heart, is your soul.
Never let it go. ”
Would you hold it close,
And run to where the river flows,
Try and try, to wash away the woes,
Till it loses its glow,
Wastes away before it'll ever know,
The sweetness hidden inside,
The tasteless shell of a callouses-less
Life.

鹅卵石
写于 1992 年 12 月

你会怎样做？
若有人对你说：
“你紧紧抓住的这石子，
就是你的心，是你的灵魂。
永远不要辜负它。”
你是否会将它放在怀里，
奔赴河水流淌的地方，

努力地试图洗净
爬在它身上的一切
哀伤，
直到它完全失去光泽。
还未来得及享受藏在
稚嫩无味的躯壳下
的甜美，
就早已融化的
无影无踪。

5.

Thorn
Written December 1992

She lived all her life on a thorn,
This shy petal of mine.
She greets the sun in the morn,
And the moon at night,
Always hidden beyond this,
Fence of vines.
She's bored of the height,
But will never alight,
Never leave her world,
Of only a rose wide.

荆棘
写于 1992 年 12 月

她一生都生活在一颗刺上，
我挚爱的腼腆花瓣。
她早晨迎接太阳，
晚上迎接月光，
都躲藏在这藤蔓篱笆
的中央。

她早已厌倦了高处，
但也永远不愿下来，
永远不愿离开她的世界，

仅仅有一朵玫瑰那么宽
的世界。

6.

Anthill
Written December 1992

I can see a flimsy rusted ladder,
Supported by beams of light,
On the other side,
Of this cave of darkness and grime,
So I climbed and climbed,
I climbed and climbed,
Through caves and caves,
Caves and caves,
Of the same,
I saw strange and familiar faces,
Everywhere something left its traces.
But I had no time to wonder,
No time to stay,
I have to finish this ascending race.

Why?
I cannot say,
As suddenly a ray of light glares
In my way,
There's are words carved into the ground,
What do they say?

“Be patience in your journey,
Through the anthill of time,

Lest you miss the breadcrumbs,
Guiding you to the antwoord of life.”

垭
写于 1992 年 12 月

我看见一架摇摇晃晃，
锈迹斑斑的梯子，
被光束撑着，
倚在这个黑暗又堆满尘垢的洞穴
的另一面墙边，
于是我向上攀爬，
不断地爬，不停地爬，
穿过一个又一个一模一样的山洞，
山洞接山洞。

我看见
无数陌生又熟悉的面孔，
不知是何物四处留下的痕迹。
可我没有时间去想，
没有时间停留，
我一定要专心走完这场旅行。

你问我为什么？
我也不知道。
突然一束光照往
我的方向，
照亮地上刻着的一些字，

上面写着什么？

“穿过这时间的蚁丘途中
一定要有耐心，
以免你错过了
引导你找到人生的答案的
面包屑”

7.

Crossroad
Written December 1992

I stand with my lamp,
Shivering under the moonlight,
At the crossroad between,
The dawn of eternity
And
The dusk of time.
What's holding me back,
And why?
What's holding you back,
And why?
I'll see you on the other side.

十字路口
写于 1992 年 12 月

我举着灯,
在月光下,
永恒的黎明与
時間的暮靄的
十字路口,
瑟瑟发抖。
是什么阻止了我前行？
又是为了什么？
是什么阻止了你前行？

又是为了什么？
别怕，
我会在彼岸等着你。

8.

Boat
Written January 1993

Where does the heavens end,
Where does the sea begin,
I cannot tell.
All I see is clouds.

Where does the past end,
Where does the future begin,
I cannot tell.
All I see is clouds.

Where does Time end,
Where does Eternity begin,
I cannot tell.
All I see is clouds.

Come, row with me,
Into the forever now.

船
写于 1993 年 1 月

苍穹的尽头在哪里？
大海从哪里开始，
我说不出来。

我只看得到漫天的云彩。

过去在哪里结束，
未来从哪里开始，
我说不出来。
我只看得到漫天的云彩。

时间在哪里结束，
永恒从哪里开始，
我说不出来。
我只看得到漫天的云彩。

来吧，和我乘着这艘小船，
一起驶向永恒的现在。

9.

Monolith
Written February 1993

I woke up in a garden of
Earth and sand.
Beneath a dome of blue,
You'll find its end.
There are no others,
There are no flowers,
Only a monument,
Tall and grand,
Who is it to,
I don't understand.
Till a voice from beyond the bend,
Echoed thus:

“My friend,
Don't you remember?
These are all your treasures from
That strange ephemeral land.”

巨石
写于 1993 年 2 月

我在一个只有泥土和沙子
的园中醒来,
在蓝色穹顶之下,

找到了它的尽头。

这没有其他人，
也没有花，
只有一座纪念碑，
高大而宏伟，
是给献给谁的？
我无从知晓。

只听拐弯处传来一个声音，
用回声如此说道：

“我的朋友，
你不记得了吗？
这些都是你从那片
奇怪又短暂的土地上
带来的宝藏。”

10.

Dune
Written February 1993

Nobody knows,
Why the man with tattered clothes,
Wandering across the dunes,
With eyes and a cup,
Made of gold,
Asking for anything
To quench his thirst
And soothe his throat,
Always turns away,
Anyone with a glass or a jar,
Of water from a river or a lake,
Clear as any soul of faith.

Till one day,
Someone passed that same desert
With no name,
Found some gold and bones,
Scattered in the way.

There was a note,
And the words they say:
“It’s clear as day,
What can't be seen,
Must not exist in any way. ”

沙丘
写于 1993 年 2 月

没人知道,
为何这个衣衫褴褛,
走遍整个沙漠,
用黄金做的双眼和杯子,
祈求人们给他解渴,
和抚慰他的喉咙的人,
遇见任何带着玻璃杯或罐子,
装着从河流或湖泊打来的,
和任何虔诚的灵魂
一样清晰的水的好心人,
总是一声不吭地扭头就走。

直到有一天,
有人再次经过了这一片
没有名字的沙漠,
发现了一些金子和骨头,
散布在道路上。

还有一张纸条,
上面写着:
“显而易见,
看不见的东西,
绝不会以任何方式存在。“

11.

Field
Written February 1993

Close your eyes,
Open your mind,
You'll see the orange glow,
Of the city lights,
Shed its disguise,
And reclaim their birthright
As eternal fireflies.
Grab your childhood bike,
Together we will ride,
Into the endless dream,
Hidden inside,
This infinite indigo night.

田野
写于 1993 年 2 月

闭上眼睛，
打开你的心灵之眼，
你会看到橙黄色，
城市的点点灯光，
揭开伪装，
重新获得他们与生俱来
做永恒的萤火虫的权利。

骑上你儿时的自行车,
我们将一起前行,
奔向那藏在
这无尽的靛蓝之夜里的
永恒梦境。

12.

Thread
Written February 1993

I found in my wardrobe,
A loose thread,
I tried to pull it,
But it pulled me in instead.
I entered through a gate of pine,
The felt and yarns became,
Winding vines.
I bore and bore,
Trying to find a divide.
I can see something bright,
But it's too far on the other side.
Will I ever reach the light?

线
写于 1993 年 2 月

我在衣柜里发现了,
一根散落的线,
我试图将它扯出来,
它却将我拽了进去。
它带我穿过了一扇松木的门,
毛毡和纱线渐渐变成了,
蜿蜒的藤蔓。
我刨啊刨啊,

想要找到分界线。
我能看见一些明亮的东西,
但它们太过遥远
太过遥远的另一边。
不知有没有我终于找到光
的那一天？

13.

Dreamer
Written February 1993

I met the vendor,
At the corner of the Avenue of Time,
Selling the sun for a dollar,
And the moon for a dime.
One for warmth,
The other light.
Said he,
To the dreamer of day and night,
You'll need both,
If you want to survive,
The Dust's Blight.

梦者
写于 1993 年 2 月

我在时光大道的拐角处
看到了一个商贩,
以一美元的价格出售太阳,
以一角钱的价钱贩卖月亮。
一个是为了温暖,
一个给予光。
他说道:
“对于不分日夜的梦想家来说,
你需要两者,

如果你想躲过
尘梦的侵袭。

14.

Pomegranate
Written March 1993

I needed to escape a lion in my dream,
Perhaps I should steal a fruit to set free,
A competitor for its prey.
So they can fight,
And I'll be on my way.

The illusion is breaking,
Through the egg shell of day,
If only I could reach beyond it,
Into Salvador Dali’s place!

Pomegranate,
Pomegranate,
And Bee I say!
Please please come my way!

石榴
写于 1993 年 3 月

我正在试图逃离梦里的一头狮子,
我是不是应该偷一颗果子来解围？
再引来一个争夺猎物的竞争对手。
这样他们就会决斗,
而我就可以偷偷溜走。

这幻觉快要破开白昼的蛋壳了，
我是否能把手伸进
萨尔瓦多达利的居所？

石榴，
石榴，
和蜜蜂！
快快飞到我这里来！

15.

Minnow
Written March 1993

I am a blade of reed,
A new sprout.
Sent to winnow the
Minnows.
For what reason,
I do not know.
I don't even decide,
Who gets to stay,
Who gets to go.
That,
Only the path knows.

桃花鱼
写于 1993 年 3 月

我是一株新生的芦苇,
被派遣来参与
筛选小鱼。
出于什么缘由,
我不知道。
其实,
连谁能留下
也不是我能决定的。

那,
只有道路知道。

16. Snail
Written March 1993

In this world,
Which steed you choose,
Decide how long you get to
Stay in time.

I saw an old man,
Steps unsteady,
Hair pure white,
Rush to purchase
A ticket to ride.

“Who would choose
A stallion of might?
When a snail could give you
Infinite days and nights.”

So he boasts with unquestioned pride,
As all light around him fade into the
Endless night.
Even life has left him behind.

蜗牛
写于 1993 年 3 月

在这个世界里,

你选择的坐骑，
决定你穿过光阴的速度
长与短。

我看到一位老人，
步伐蹒跚，
纯白的头发，
急促地购买
旅途的票。

“谁会选择
一匹威武的骏马？
当蜗牛才给你
留在人间最多的
日日夜夜。”

他如此无比自豪地夸耀着，
却只见他周围的所有光线
都消失在无尽的黑夜间。
甚至连人生也远远超过了他。

17.

Gate
Written March 1993

I always dream of that gate,
Not in front of a garden,
Or behind some lake.
Just the gate.
Just the gate.
Deep within the abyss,
There is a gate.
Surrounded by nothingness,
There's a gate.
One day,
I finally found the courage to open
The gate.

And what do I see?
Say!
What else, reader,
But your face!

门
写于 1993 年 3 月

我总是梦见那扇门,
不在一个花园前面,
或者某个湖的后面。

就是一扇门。
就是一扇门。
在深渊深处
有一扇門。
在一片虚无中间
的一扇门。

一天,
我终于鼓起勇气打开了
这扇门。

你猜我看到了什么？

还会有什么，读者,
我看到了你的脸！

18.

Oak
Written March 1993

The oak tree in the center
Of the square seems to,
Reach that window in the sky.
Why doesn't anyone pay it
Any mind?

Ever since that fateful time,
It's all I think about,
Day and night.

Soon, the palace up the mountain,
Everyone wanted to scale and climb,
Started to lose its shine.
The rubys closed its eyes,
All the gold woke up, and cried,
“So I am nothing but a pyrite!”

That moment I made up my mind,
I will devote my life,
To climb and climb,
To climb and climb,
The oak tree almost infinitely high,
I know I will reach that window in the sky,
In due time.

橡木
写于 1993 年 3 月

广场中心的橡树
似乎能够得着天空中的
那扇窗户。
为什么没人注意到？

自从那决定命运的时刻以来，
我日思夜想，
满脑子只有这一件事。

不久，那山上
每个人都想攀登的宫殿，
渐渐失去了光泽。
红宝石都闭上了眼睛，
所有的金子也都醒了，
嚎啕大哭，
“原来我只不过是一块黄铁矿！”

那一刻我下定了决心，
奉献我的一生，
不断攀登，
不断攀登，
这颗几乎无限高的橡树，
我知道
我终将会到达天空中
那一扇窗户。

19.

Waterfall
Written March 1993

You are standing in front
Of the waterfall,
Trying to remember,
Trying to recall,
Why are you even here at all?

You see shadows beckon,
And calls out,
Where are my memories,
And where am I now?

“Come,”
Said the deep,
“See for yourself. “

瀑布
写于 1993 年 3 月

你站在瀑布的前面，
努力回忆着，
试图想起，
为什么你会在这里？

你看到有影子在召唤你，

并呼喊着。
我的记忆到底在哪里，
而我此时此刻又在哪里？

“快，”
深渊说道，
“你自己进来看看就知道了。“

20.

House

I don't know if my body is my home,
But it is my house.
Welcome, and
See it for yourself:
I put my books in my brain,
And my bed in my heart.
Guess where you would be,
And where you are?

屋子

我不知道
我的身体是否是我的家,
但它绝对是我的屋子。
欢迎进来参考,
您可以亲眼看看:
我把书放在脑子里,
我的床就在我心里。
猜猜您会在哪里,
在哪里?

21.

King
Written March 1993

Some wants to be wise men,
Some wants to be kings,
Some are content with reality,
Some have moved to
Living full time in the Dream.

Guess what I want to be,
Not someone you love,
Not even the season you love.
Just the color of the autumn leaves,
Then, you'll surely miss,
Or be happy for
Whenever I leave,
Or rush in.

国王
写于 1993 年 3 月

有人想成为智者，
有人想成为国王，
有人忠于现实，
有人早就完全搬到
梦里，安逸的活着。

你猜猜我想成为什么，
不，不是你最爱的人，
甚至不是你最喜欢的季节。
我想成为秋叶的颜色。
那样，
每当我突然出现，
你一定会惊喜，
每当我离开，
你也一定会想念。

22.

Moon
Written March 1993

I bought the moon,
From an acquaintance of mine.
Not for vanity or convenience of light.
If I made my investment right,
See how they fight,
For the use of it in their paints,
Or lines,
These poets, artists,
Hopeless romantics alike.

Here, here,
It's alright.
You can line up to use,
One at a time,
For the measly price,
Of a dime.

月亮
写于 1993 年 3 月

我从我的一个熟人那,
购买了月亮。
不是为虚荣,
也不是为便捷的光明。

如果我的投资正确的话，
你会看到他们如何争斗，
抢着要在油彩和线条里，
投入它，
这些诗人、艺术家，
和无可救药的浪漫主义者。

别急，别急，
来，
你们一个一个的排上对
每一个都可以，
随意使用它，
价格低廉，
只要一角钱。

23.

Glow
Written February 1993

It's been years since I've seen the glow,
I can't even know, if I had imagined it,
Or if it's still there between the folds,
Of that solitary day dream,
And the starry nightly wanderings,
Of a moon dust soul.

星光
写于 1993 年 2 月

我已经很多很多年没见过这般光芒了,
我甚至不知道, 它是不是仅仅是我
那时想象出来的,
我想知道,
它是否仍然躲藏在
在那孤独的白日梦与,
总在星光灿烂的夜里
四处游荡的月尘灵魂之间
的折叠里。

24.

Wall
Written March 1993

I planted my soul in the empty field,
In front of your house.
It grew and grew,
And quickly bloomed.

But you never even looked,
Until,
I put up a wall.
Even though,
I kept nothing within,
And nothing without,
It's all you wonder about now,
Well,
You and the crowd.

墙
写于 1993 年 3 月

我把灵魂种在了
你家门前的田野里。
它不断地成长,
并很快绽放了。

可你从未理会过它们,

直到，
我筑了一堵墙。
虽然，
墙内我什么也没有留下，
墙外也什么也都没有留下，
从那一刻起，
你唯一想知道的是，
应该说，
你和人群唯一想知道的
就是它身后
藏着什么？

25.

Well
Written March 1993

Ink well, wishing well,
This one is neither,
But where
The astral vendor dwells now.

Every day and night,
When the time is right,
The surface will capture,
The sun, the moon,
The stars' light.

These are his merchandises,
These he will sell.
To the silent ones in solitude,
Buried by the loud.

井
写于 1993 年 3 月

墨水井、许愿井,
这一个都不是。
这是
来自星辰中央的那个商贩
居住的地方。

每个白天和黑夜，
时机成熟的时候，
水的表面会捕获到，
太阳、月亮，
星光。
这些都是他的商品，
他会走进孤独的喧嚣里
将它们售卖了。

Theo Liefinit
提奥·利菲尼特

Born February 18, 1962
Jönköping, Sweden
Lives in Glasgow, UK